/345 cont./

622 re-established itself little by little, and during the entire day the Indians remained in their hut, as apathetic as I had found them in the morning.

The festival of San Geronimo (January 7).

Very early in the morning an Indian ran through the saya tuanta, beating on a drum and stopping before each hut to wake the inhabitants and call them to the festival which was about to begin. Not knowing the significance of this household-rousing, I attributed little importance to it and thus missed the initial ceremonies. I could ascertain, however, that two piglets had been sacrificed on the threshold of the chapel of the saya: the cross which stands in front of the door, the outside walls, and the altar had been splattered with fresh blood. Inside two tables had been set up on which coca leaves had been spread out. Some Indians squatted in the chapel chewing coca leaves and drinking alcohol, preceding each mouthful with a prayer and libation. Espíritu Mamani subsequently recited the text of the prayer to me, uttered, no doubt, at the moment when the blood of the pigs is sprinkled:

Araxpaĉa	auki,	suma	tiempo	apanital'a,	wainu
Sky	lord,	good	weather	send me,	good

mara,	suma	mara,	araxpaĉ-patruna,		todos
weather,	good	weather,	sky	master,	all

wawataki,	lo mismo	Virxin-taika	sumapeuyuwasista,	
children for,	Likewise	Virgin-earth	thou feedest me,	

katokanta	(taki)	wawanakataki,	todos	mondos,
thou wilt receive	(all?)	children of,	all	the world,

wawanakataki	ukʰaro	todos	mondos	paikʰalis	aka
children of	then	all	the world	animals	these